Laily & Engle BLIGHTED HOPES.

Dark is the season of reaping
The flight of the promiseful years,
Denied the sweet solace of weeping
O'er sorrows too deep for our tears!
Reaping that chaff when we dare not
Even dream of the full ripened grain;
Grieving o'er fair hopes that are not,
And joy bells that ring not again!

Ead is the season of reaping
When shudders the soul in the blast,
And shadows come stealthily creeping
From storm shrouded value of the past!
Before us the future lies yawning
With anguish, heart hunger and pain;
And vainly we long for the dawning
Of days that will come not again?

Drear is the season of reaping
When hushed are the laugh and the song
When harvest hymn echoes are sleeping
The hours are so lonely and long!
The dream field of life all deserted,
Then why should the reaper remain

A gleaner still seeking, sad hearted,
A love that will live not again?

—Montgomery M. Folsom.

A LONDON STORY.

Milly was the poor little soul's name; no one had ever called her anything else

She made her scanty living by embroidery, residing in a forlorn looking, dark and narrow room that was yet fortunate enough to boast one small window on the street. Av. that window was Milly's glory; the joy and delight of her existence. The street was a dingy London one; hardly a thoroughfare, and therefore not noisy, but gay, and even delectably worldly, in the child's eyes. For she was not much more than a child as yet; though worn in face and serious looking, she was young in years, scarce 17 surely at most, while in character she was very childish still. London bred, was shrewd and quick in many things, keenly alive to the necessity of daily work, thoroughly expectant of the money loving ways of her employers and astute with regard to life generally; nevertheless, a fund of freshness and in-nocence in Milly's soul was wont often to burst forth like a sweet, pure spring of water coming from depths unknown ready to gladden and solace the arid bearts of her neighbors.

She was friendly to those neighbors, who, some of them, befriended her. But she had always been much alone. She was almost like a prisoner, this little lame and feeble bodied seamstress, or rather embroideress, who spent her uncared for youth bending over a frame of needlework, carrying out the ideas and designs of others-only occasionally, as a rare luxury, allowed to work her own will and her own fancies into the threads of silk and pieces of linen or satin "left

If a boy's will be the wind's will, what shall be said of a girl's? Is it light, ephemeral, like the sea foam? Or stronger, like bindweed in gardens? Or firm and brave, and shining, like the marble that makes the coping stone of palaces? I know not.

Milly cared little for the vehicles that sometimes went rumbling down her street, nor for the sad looking, poorly dressed pedestrians who were the only frequenters of that neighborhood, nor for the loud voiced venders of cheap goods in barrows. It was the corner of gray sky-occasionally a pallid blue-which she liked, and which (by squeezing well in betwixt a heavy table and the window sill and craning her neck painfully) she could see and greatly enjoy, in contrast to the dingy atmosphere of her lodging. But what slie loved best of all to gaze on from her window was the shop opposite-a shop so glorious, so lovely, so comforting and yet heart stirring that the child could never be satisfed with looking and wondering at it.

A flower shop it was. What are flowers made of and how do they come? ask the Londoners. How are they gathered and brought together in their infinite beauty of tone and color, in their brilliancy and freshness, in their tenderness and sweetness? Flowers in pots, flowers in bunches, flowers in sprays, straggling groups of flowers, and stray single blooms-all these filled and decked the window panes of the shop opposite; all these gladdened the enger beating heart of the little lame embroideress. It mattered not, when her eyes were delighted with this dream of fairy color, that she was lame; nor did she remember her many sorrows when, with hot trembling hands, she threaded her needle and plied her loveliest silks, glancing up now and then to gain from beyond the narrow street a new draught from her source of inspiration. Fast flew her fingers, fast grew the flowers beneath her touch; like, yet not like, the originals; pretty, perchance, yet disappointingly different to expectation, thought the little artist, who realized (without knowledge of the why er wherefore) this failure of a great intention.

For she wanted to copy nature. Nay, who that has once seen nature can be readily content with a counterfeit?

Every now and then, at sparse inter vals of time when she was thoroughly disheartened and disgusted with her own handiwork, Milly would fetch her old hat and cape out of the cupboard-ber cupboard where she kept everything, from a piece of dry bread to an empty blacking bottle and an old Bible-and dress herself laboriously and crawl over

"A Priceless Blessing." AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL

A is the best remedy for Croup, Whooping Cough, Hourseness, and all the sudden Throat and Lung Troubles to which young people are subject. Keep this medicine in the house. Hon. C. Edwards Lester, late U. S. Consul to Italy, and author of various popular vorks, writes :-

works, writes:—
"With all sorts of exposure, in all sorts of climates, I have never, to this day, had any cold nor any affection of the throat or lungs which did not yield to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral within 24 hours. Of course I have never allowed myself to be without this remedy in all my veyages and travels. Under my own observation, it has given relief to a vast number of persons: while in acute cases of pulmonary inflammation, such cases of pulmonary inflammation, such as croup and diphtheria in children, life has been preserved through its effects. I recommend its use in light and frequent descs. Properly administered, in accordance with your directions, it is

a priceless blessing in any house." Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

to the opposite side of the street and stand there, her face pressed against the panes of the flower shop window till she could stand upright no more. If the weather was cold her slender form shivered under the threadbare black cape, her face grew more pinched and blue than before, but she held her place bravely, studying the form, the "make" of the flowers till she knew them so well that she could shut her eyes and reproduce them on that wonderful canvas which we all possess as a free gift to paint our beautiful visions upon—the clear white page of our own minds.

There was one thing that troubled her the flowers died so quickly. Milly had neither time nor strength to pay frequent visits to the flower store, and conse quently never might she hope to see he favorites quite close a second time. She studied them, she loved them, she strained her eyes to see them. Good But a few days later they were gone from their accustomed places, and others, new comers—new, graceful, fairy things-were displayed where the old friends had slowly drooped or had been hastily removed. That was the way of the world, doubtless, but there are some people who never get used to the ways of the world. Milly was haply one of

She had one friend-though I should rather say one acquaintance, for he was scarcely more-and that was the little

crossing sweeper, the poor boy Jim. Their misfortunes were a bond between them, perhaps; they were both crippled, though slightly, from infancy. He was humpbacked; she was lame. He was swift of foot and of eye and could pilot her dexterously over the muddy way, safe from horses' feet or splash of wheels; she, the girl, was stronger of hand, brighter of face and of courage. She had more than once taken the besom from Jim's hand and swept away the mud for pedestrians blithely and cheerily, so that she earned more coppers for him in ten minutes than he knew how to gain in a weary morning's work. His hands were so weak and delicate; hers, used to activity, were positively muscular by contrast.

There was one drawback-he never seemed to comprehend about the flowers. He would stand on one leg by the brilliant shop window staring piteously, taking off his ragged cap and putting it on again with a gesture of perplexity, scratching his head sometimes for greater doubt.

"You see, Jim," Milly whispered to him one day, "I love them so-the flowers. They are so beautiful, so very, very beautiful. It quite gives me a pain, an odd feeling here in my throat, only to look at them.

"Then I wouldn't have nothin' to do with 'em," returned the boy decisively. "If they hurt you what's the good?" "It's the hurting that brings me back to them, somehow," stammered Milly,

who couldn't explain. Jim gazed at her with his wide opened, long lashed eyes.

"You are a queer un, and no mistake," he said at last. "Hi, look out! you were almost right under the van this time, Mill. I wish, I wish I was a dook, that I do-I'd give you flowers and grand things every day; wouldn't I

just!"
"Thank you, Jim, dear; oh, thank you. That makes it just the same as if

"Why, how can that be?" asked the boy, leaning on his broom and staring at her barder than ever.

"Of course it does. Don't you see?" asked Milly, to whom definitions seemed

almost the greatest difficulties of life. There are some people who have so little to say that they spend their days in trying to make the scanty substance more; meanwhile the thoughts of others surge tempestuously against their fettering speech, and these people must always appear ignorant and dull.

One day-it was a bright May morning-Milly had come to an end of all her commissioned work. Nor had she any ideas for the future; she was tired, over done perchance-she had been working both early and late this last week. The colors of the many petaled flowers in the shop opposite seemed to flash more brightly than usual; the sun was strong and hot; the three cornered piece of sky overhead was positively blue. From its cage on a nail outside a neighbor's window came the sweet song of a captive thrush. Some effervescence of springtime rose and bubbled in the girl's young veins. She could not stay within her dark and squalid room; she rose to her

feet in impatience. A moment later she had reached the street. She stood outside the door of the house, gazing inquiringly from side to side. No, Jim was not there; he was nowhere in sight. Well, he would soon return, doubtless. There were few vehicles to be seen; she might cross safely. Now the deed was done; Jim should presently hear of her prowess.

And surely the reward was worth the effort. The flower shop had never seemed so beautiful. Bunches of lilac, laburnum and hawthorn were blooming on one side; on the other side were positively stacked pink, red and white peonies, pansies and the anemones and blue bells of the woods, while marshmallows and cowslips shone more golden than the sunshipe.

Milly knew no names or properties of flowers; in her eyes there were no common ones, and the hothouse geraniums and cinerarias were only by color more glorious than the penny bunches of wall flowers and field daisies and straggling forget-me-nots that were specially provided for weary Londoners.

To her it was all a beautiful dream; there was just a hard, impassable wall between her and such luxuries, like the glass against which she flattened her pale, little pinched features. She could see through the glass, certainly, but she could not go nearer; no, nor yet touch or smell. She could only sigh, and the sigh (complaint like) made matters worse, for it dimmed the clearness of the

glass for a moment. Two ladies came out of the shop; one passed on; the other, seeing the girl, paused. The hands of both ladies were filled with bunches of flowers; possibly Milly's eyes were more hungrily watch-

ing than she knew. "You poor little girl!" said the lady who stood in the doorway. She held out a bunch of something bright. "Would you like these flowers? Yes,

you may take them." She smiled; she went on her way. Milly had said nothing; not a word of thanks, even. She only grasped the tiny osegny as though it were made of gold. She stared vacantly at the ladies till they were out of sight. Then she laughed upon the pillow; the pain was passing softly to herself. What would Jim say?



the pot Keep off or you'll smutch me insist upon having just what you ordered. SAPOLIO always gives satisfaction. On floors, tables and painted work it acts like a charm. For scouring pots, pans and metals it has no equal. Everything shines after it, and even the chil-

She must certainly come out again in the afternoon, if only to tell him the delightful news. It was the first time that any real live flowers had been given to her, had actually belonged to herself. Why, they were quite soft, like velvet, not grimy and gritty like most things, and with a perfume yes, that must be the meaning of the word perfume-something quite, quite bewil-

The road was free of carts and cabs

These were the first words that Milly

all over, a pain that would have been little finger ached, she thought, and that She could not see, she knew not why; wonder, for she was so tightly strapped and bound up. On a bed, too. "Where?

what seemed to her but a few minutes. When she was conscious again she sav that something lay between her fingersit was her own precious bunch of flowers. How quickly it had wilted, though. She tried to lift her hand, but could not. She was afraid she had done wrong even to try. But no one was heeding her. Two shadowy figures were talking near her

"She was so lame, poor dear, she could not run. And the great dray horse knocked her down and the wheel ran over her.

"The little humpback boy did his best to save her, but he ran up too late—it was a plucky thing, anyhow." "He seems very fond of her-it will

Milly had heard it all. It scarcely affected her, nevertheless; scarcely seemed

they all been run over in the street? she a room full of pain!

Clean it was everywhere, with tidy and the sunshine coming in so that her head ached; she had never been used to much light or air. Nor to strangers strange faces, strange voices. Ah, where was little Jim? And had he really come

"He shall come to you-presentlyyes, very soon. I will give the order

other nurse. "Of course; there is no time to lose,

was the answer. But Milly heard not this.

"Shall I read to you?" she asked. "Are you in too much pain to listen?"
"No, read," said Milly, gently. "Only let it be about flowers." "About flowers, dear?" "Yes-about flowers," returned the

child, dreamingly. "Are there flowers in heaven?" "Surely. And we know that it is God's

garden. He garners them there-even the poorest child flowers of this earth."

die! Ch, promise me that you'll not die!"
It was Jim—Jim who had pressed close to the bed, who was sobbing as if his heart must burst. He stretched out his little wan hands. The doctor held him back and sought to quiet him. The weary occupants of other beds raised themselves up and tried to see the two children.

Milly moved as much as she was able. A gray shadow had passed over her face, making it almost unrecognizable, and sharp anguish distorted her features Was this death? She knew not-she had no time to think. Only for him-only for Jim, the poor, homeless, friendless little crossing sweeper, he who had risked his own life for her-Milly's very temple throbbed with tumultuous shoughts.

"Oh, Milly, speak!" cried the boy in agony. "Why couldn't I die for you?"
"I am glad," murmured Milly's lips

be glad when I'm so sorry! Oh, I hate hate, hate myself, that I couldn't save you. If I had only been stronger. "Hush, hush," said the doctor and the

nurse

The young girl's head had fallen back

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cure her, or bring her back to thought and speech, and love. Nor could any thing alter or mar the tender radiance of the dead girl's face.-Lady Lindsay

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show any impediment to speech when speak-ing in whispers. On this fact a new method West Side National Bank LUMBER DEALERS, of treatment has been advocated by Dr. Coen, which is as follows: In the first ten days speaking is prohibited. This will allow rest to the voice, and constitutes the preliminary

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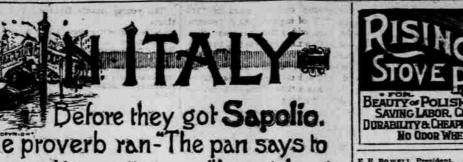


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"Oh, Jim!" she gasped, "dear Jim,

Treatment for Stammering.

It is said that stammerers rarely, if ever

speaking is permissible in the whi

days the ordinary conversational tone m be gradually employed.—Medical Journal.

A Banner of Rattlemake Skins.

A lady residing on the west side has perhaps the most unique banner that

rattlesnake, with a background of plush.

The snake skin was sent the lady by

friend who lives in Texas. It is beauti-

fully tanned, the back being colored and

covered with spots resembling small

plush look for all the world like mosaic.

The skin is over five feet long without

the hend and tail, and fourteen rattles

denoted its age. In the widest part the

skin is nine inches in width, thus show

ing that in life the rightful owner of the

skin which now adorns the lady's parlor

must have been an ugly customer. A

letter which preceded the present states

much worn by the young ladies of Texas,

PROMPTLY AND PERMANENTLY

dren delight in using it in their attempts to help around the house.

ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS CO., NEW YORK.

in Temple Bar.

toward her little friend and then more faintly still: "The flower -the flowers-think, Jim, in heaven the flowers-never-die!" They let the little, ragged boy fling himself upon her now. Nothing could hurt her now, any more than it could

now, surely. This was the momentone rush forward-oh, the cramp in her stiff leg! Forward! No, back, in haste! A noise of horses' hoofs, with 1,000 voices ringing in her ears, and, in the midst of all, a vision of Jim's face, white and set as it had never been before then the earth rising up to meet her violently, as omething large and dark loomed before her eyes, and seemed to strike her down. "She is coming to, poor little thing."

"Where am I?" she asked faintly. Her own voice sounded farther off than the other voice. She was in pain fierce had it not been so stunningly dull, and, above all, so universal. Even her thought made her half inclined to laugh. she could not move, but that was no

where?" she repeated, gasping.
"In the hospital, dear child," answered
the nurse. "No, do not talk. We are going to take great care of you."

Milly sighed and shut her eyes for

break his heart if she dies." "Hush! lest she should hear you."

to concern her, in fact. Was this maimed, motionless thing on the hospital bed herself, Milly, the clever little needlewoman? Was it she who had dwelt opposite the florist's window! She opened her eyes yet wider; it seemed a little lighter now. Was this the hospital? She had often wondered what a hospital might be like. There were people here who sighed and groaned around her; she had not noticed them before. It tired her to watch them now; had

marveled. What sad, sad faces! What white bedclothes and whitewashed walls,

to her in her danger? The tears began to trickle slowly down the child's pale cheeks. "What is it, dear?" asked the nurse. "Jim," said Milly, with quivering lips. 'Oh, my little Jim-my own little Jim!"

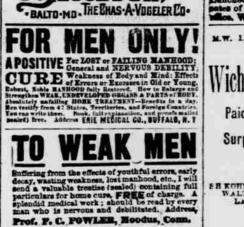
The nurse murmured something to an-

The nurse returned.

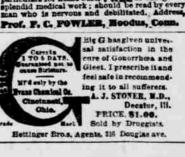
Then there was a cry.
"Oh, Milly, Milly! Oh! you will not

"But I'm not. Oh, it's cruel of you to

Where was Jim? Why was be still ah out of her face. She surned yet more



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